ROMANTIC TALE OF FRANCOIS VILLON, POET, LOVER AND ADVENTURER.

By JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

As a child Francois Villon pushes open the door of the house in which he, with his mother, seen ples humble lodgings, and sees upon the white that, all things considered, it might be care of the house in which he, with his mother, seen ples humble lodgings, and sees upon the white that, all things considered, it might be cat. They are works. Hunger has driven them within the walls of Paris. A drunten Burgundian seed that, all things considered, it might be as well that his for should not already seen it. So he whispered to seed, mether, and he brings the infant to Mother Villon. Though poor, she takes upon berself, the care of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the seed of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the little one of the hold the owner of the little one. On one of the wall of owner, the little one of the hold of the hold the little one of high with a maid if it pleases to the little one of his uncle. Francois make the seen of an exit looking circ named the little of the little of the little one of his hold here of his hold here of his hold the little of th

By the Tower of St. Jacques. CHAPTER XXVII.

agination of Francois that to you." all Paris was just then no ween him and Sermois.

One fine night of early summer it came into Huguette's head that a strange tale."
stroll in the open air would be pleas. And therewith Francois, after art. Francois agreed blithely enough.
"Do you remember," she said to nercompanion, "now when we were little
things we used to play games of being kings and queens and God knows

The state of the s

aback by the sudden irruption of Philippe Sermois into his idyll. But his wits were alert enough to decide

"There is no reason at all, the gentleman, why you should not pass the time of night here in the quietude of St. Jacques's with a maid if it pleases you to do so. But surely the case would be different if your fair one were no maid, but the wedded wife of some wronged and honorable

gentleman."

The heart of Francois was heavy when he heard these words for it seemed probable to him now that Sermois must have caught a glimpse of the face of Huguette and in his madness believed her to be Ambroise.

"Why, Messire Philippe, it is no part of the law of civility that one honest gentleman shall yield to another the name of such fair lady as may choose to keep him friendly company. But because there is no secreey about my business I will make no bones about telling you the name of my comrade. She is called Hobinette the Delicate and she dwells in the quarier of the Markets. And In the quarter of the Markets. And now pray go your ways and leave me to my affairs."

rmois burst into a mocking laugh. than I guessed and more favored as a lady's man. But what I have fore-told will come true and I think your time is drawing nigh."

CHAPTER XXVIII. Montigny Brings News.

HO is that man?" asked Huguette, eagerly. "I have never seen his face before, but I am very sure that I have heard his voice. seemed to the bubbling im. Where, where? Surely he is an enemy

"He is indeed my enemy," said more than a big battle Francois. "You are in the right ground for the struggle be- there, and in the right, too, to think that you have never seen his face before, but that you have heard his voice. Listen, and I will tell you a

And therewith François, after pledging her to secrecy, began to relate all that had happened since the first meeting with Philippe Sermois. It took some while in the telling, and

Life's Little "Ifs"

by The Press Publishing Co.

By Jack Callahan



A ROLL THAT WOULD CHOKE A FORTY TWO CENTIMETER PARK SOME "CHOKE" SPOOFUS WOULD HAVE BLOWN HIS CUSTOMER TO THE BALL GAME

THIS WIFE HADN'T PUT HER HAND IN HIS POCKET FIRST.

Modern Fiction does not contain a more wanderfor TALE of MYSTERY and ADVENTURE the

BY H. RIDER MAGGARD NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WHICH

Who was the strange, beautiful creature of marval ous power and almost endless years that dwelt in the Caves of Kor? "SHE" FASCINATES THE MIND SANAANAKAANAKA KANAANAKAANAKAANAKA

and began slowly to mount the stair.

As she moved upward the servant stood stolidly blinking at the mounting light and waiting for orders. He had not long to wait. Sermois plucked a degaer from his beit and struck of a degaer from his beit and struck of the and the man lurched forward sliently ended.

Ambroise found berself in a spiendid chamber, most unlike the ragged garret which she had thought she was being brought to visit. She turned in questioning surprise to her companion.

"Francois Villon is here, as you shall very presently see. He comes to be in this house because this house is mine and I have chosen to lodge him here because of the dear love I is more many for the same that she was being deceived.

"Surely, she said in a stendy voice," I know your face? Surely I should skinew your name?"

Sermois bowed again with the same pompous fordity that gave as a adea simister to his appearance.

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"Will you bring me Francois villon?"

"Will you bring me Francois villon?"

"You would be private with him. think you must love him in private if you like him well enough to loil in his more than the same than the

when I choose."
Even at this grim news, which now she did not question. Ambroise showed no sign of fear.
"If you do not let me go," she said ifringly, thing him with her steadfast eyes, "I will call for help; I will rouse the street."
"Fair hard." Said Serpois ironically.
"The stroke to the side of Ambroise.
"He is risking his life for you, sister," she said. "Will you not stand by him while he risks it?"
"Very surely, sister," enswered Ambroise quietly. "I had no other thought."